

HOLIDAY ISSUE

JANUARY, 1954

PRICE 50c  
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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

RUSSIA VS.  
CANADA'S  
OUTER  
BALDONIA

DETROIT'S  
SANTA CLAUS  
He gives away  
Millions

LES LEGS  
IN GANGLAND  
The persistent  
Colette Marchand

TRAVEL  
IN  
MEXICO

MURDER IN THE  
MEZZANINE  
A profile of  
Alfred Hitchcock

AN ENGLISHMAN'S  
IDEA OF  
AMERICA

THE  
WICKEDNESS  
OF MEN  
by Robert Fontaine

ALL QUIET  
ON THE  
EASTERN FRONT  
by Joseph Wechsberg

CARTOONS  
GALORE

EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
CHRISTMAS  
CAROL

CELEBRITIES'  
SPORTS CARS

LAST-MINUTE  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFTS



*Henry Wolf*

Anyone for playing Santa Claus?



new

## Christmas Parker Pens

WITH NEW ELECTRO-POLISHED 4P  
POINTS SO SMOOTH WRITING WE ASSURE  
800% PERFECTION AND SATISFACTION



We've old hands at this Santa Claus role at Parker Pen. We've put on the flu-suscepted red suit, tassel up and what whippers now for all naughty pens and have never yet lost a forced for old St. Nick.

This year we expect to do our share toward making several hundred thousand more brand-new, second-writing Parkers in merry writing hands—building even more cheer for Father Christmas, as well as for those who give them.

The new Parkers this year, we think, make the best gifts yet. They've been finished to an in-

visible degree of writing smoothness by a wonderful new development—"Electro-Polishing." These pens are actually so smooth that writing becomes effortless—almost like rubbing your finger across glass. So smooth you can buy one for giving without even trying the point first!

This really new invention engenders special economy that you will find that it delivers more the money's worth than that might figure on the points of those nibs.

When you consider the history of absolute smoothness and the fact that Parkers have long

been the world's most-wanted gift pens (for sure) you can see why they must make a perfect welcome in the Christmas gift hands. Anyone who to get a Parker and expect such as little as \$1.00 can give one.

Why not do your Christmas shopping right now, right here from this page? Or use all the beautiful new selections at your Parker dealer's. You just won't think of anything better no matter how long you wait!

The Parker Pen Company, Jenneville, Wisconsin, U.S.A., Toronto, Canada

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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

N° 5 GARDENIA RUSSIA LEATHER N° 22 BOIS DES ILES

# CHANEL

ESQUIRE | January









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the original, the greatest  
gift show on earth

# Hickok Christmas Gift Show

Pre-shop here,  
then buy early, easily,  
for all the men  
in your life from  
*America's most Exciting  
Gift Collection*  
NOW SHOWING AT  
FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

THIS NOW \$1.50 TO \$3.50 **W**



Watch from under \$1.99 by Hickok's Gift is 1



See Later Alligator Snake Belt, \$1.99. See also  
Initial Buckle, \$1.99. The only, \$1.99, \$1.99.



The Pocket Watch, Brown \$1.99. Hickok's Gift Show  
Big Diamond Ring or Diamond \$1.99, each \$2.50.



Hickok's Gift Show presents the choice of gold  
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Standard Buckle for Buckle, Buckle, Buckle  
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Ever-changing Mexico—and the dynamic  
 festival director who calls the changes

**M**oreover, even if you let any amount of this information seep into your traps to draw in poach, it actually encourages the poach, when you go back. In the information in *Albino* (see page 88) is not completely warranted — but this may be even more than

There are few as busy as those who work in Mexico City in one of the most dramatic places in the western world, and you're likely to find a lot of people who are here to see the sights or to be involved in events like the ones described in recent lists. If you're doing any driving in Mexico you'll discover some improved highways, in many parts of the country, and you'll find that there are being opened up all the time.

Meat is developing too, but its industry by intelligent and well-planned expansion of the country's meat industry. It's a hotly and more recent in open and heated, including other areas at the very latest fishing grounds and within its area to the south and north of the city and surrounding of the city. It is especially in the low-lying industrial districts by providing better and even more so, including the most colorful events of the big city.

But we had an interview with the man in charge of all these activities—General Otilio Blanco, Director of Tourism. He's a big job, because tourism in Mexico is the largest industry (based on production and manning) and largest single source of foreign exchange.

outstanding reputation in a number of professions of diplomatic and social importance. His second floor office at the headquarters of the University Council at Tufts is a roomy, comfortable place, with a large desk, a comfortable chair, a bookshelf and a fireplace. He is a member of the Republican National Committee and believes that they are the best direction. Thomas called his room, his "sanctuary" room, and the atmosphere and they were not out into the corridors. They include a group of men who want peace and quiet and a group of men who are not in the Pacific Coast, higher places in from a job to foreign affairs and improvements, the latter child of one of the International airlines serving the capital, a representative of the Mexican National Railway, one president of the University of Mexico and a number of men who are not only working together but on the grounds of an American

Impatiens recently discovered a Delany, that what we orthodontists with control for a given amount of purple let horticulturists claim about in open a greyhound among track, advertising here with proofs of a n.e. nearly pyramidical (American, and a orthodontist).

[illegible]

You will be a beneficiary of all this activity when you visit Mexico. Some benefits will be such obvious things as new facilities, but others will make them seem like such subtle matters as a new and more complete line of hospitality trained visitors. Just the other day, for example, the Amparo beach introduced a special collection of trees. The local government installed a sign. And the new beach is open just about the time announced. (They're scheduled for December 14.)

[illegible]

# EUROPE

There and there, the ending of Israel is to Eternity. And with good reason, too. For someone that will you feel like so many wonderful things to see and do, to meet and to know!

- **Wing and go** are, in "Zoo's Garden" if names are open, hotel accommodations are easier to obtain, and traveling is so comfortable, with polished (Europe at its natural best) and "it's like you're everywhere you go."

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**EUROPE**

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each way from Chicago, \$14.70  
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\$46.44 from New York, and  
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The world's biggest will take you to Madison-Cole in nine hours and five minutes from Chicago, five hours and fifteen minutes from Dallas or Ft. Worth, twelve hours and fifty minutes from New York, and eleven hours and five minutes from Washington.

The Albany is also among those who provide services to residents. Michael van Diney City, contacting with Douglas of New York and Bureau on Miami. There will be a daily flight in each direction, with a round fare of \$92.00 each way, agent, sending a return of \$24.00 for the first-class fare. All persons going to Florida, DC-8's which make the trip in less than two hours get delivery of their Christmas gifts by the time they are not to a destination of their choice, and a quarter.

So, these findings show me that on a lot of background and new developments generated by knowing in Mexico. The industry without doubt, as they are located in Mexico, represent an investment of about \$1.5 billion. The 1991-2000 for 200, but in 1992 alone, 428,576 visitors to Mexico spent more than 10 percent of their \$124,791,000, according to the most favorable figures. And on the Mexican social behavior, are now receiving a good part of their income in a small business. More than \$11,751,000, for example, is being used in the group about the tourism, strengthening and

Other roadbuilding jobs include the completion of 125 miles of the Inter-American Pavement Highway from Nogales, on the Arizona border, to Merced City through Guadalajara, and the construction of a new Trans-Isthmian Highway across Tehuacan from Isthmian Cruz to Coahuila, opening up a corridor of road people which was one of the original main corridors for the project that later became the Draining Canal.

Another important road under construction is the expanded highway from Houston, across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, to Matamorros. The colorful Mexican fishing scene on the Pacific Coast and all another coast-to-coast highway is a building from Tampico to Mazatlán. The Matamorros-Mazatlán job will be done by the end of the year, the Tampico-Mazatlán project in 1955.

One of the most interesting phases, still in the infancy stage, is a road connecting the people beyond the mountains of Tennessee with the rest of the nation. Twenty-five million dollars have been allotted for this highway, which when completed will take the tourist through sections which are now unexplored country. This project

Mary Roberts  
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\* Many vacation spots offer one or two of your favorite pastimes. Ask for everything in the way of snow-and-sun fun... the smoothest skiing ever, go karting night and day, endless warm-water swimming, good-to-dance-to music and exciting accommodations. Sun Valley heads the list. Make your plans now and see why it's America's most famous vacationland.

For Reservations:

[illegible]

**Grand to give – Great to get**



*Stenotaphrum secundatum* (Lam.) Pers. This is a native and common grass. While other grasses with contrasting pigmentation are available, they are rare, and cost \$100 per lb. Green, white and blue.

ISBN 09602624 is *explosive*! *Protein* and *more*. Full text about fully informed for non-  
but *Chlorine* of 4 series. *Pages* 20-40.  
From *University*, where only 5, 10, 1, 10,  
10-10. *Pages* 10-10. 10-10.

Seventy collected, water-bath-sterilized pills for use in various experiments with *PMMA* and *cyt*. Taps are double as a pinch shut. Whole unit weight: 1000 g, 10, 1, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877906944, 1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208, 1/17592186044416, 1/35184372088832, 1/70368744177664, 1/140737488355328, 1/281474976710656, 1/562949953421312, 1/1125899906842624, 1/2251799813685248, 1/4503599627370496, 1/9007199254740992, 1/18014398509481984, 1/36028797018963968, 1/72057594037927936, 1/144115188075855872, 1/288230376151711744, 1/576460752303423488, 1/1152921504606846976, 1/2305843009213693952, 1/4611686018427387904, 1/9223372036854775808, 1/18446744073709551616, 1/36893488147419103232, 1/73786976294838206464, 1/147573952589676412928, 1/295147905179352825856, 1/590295810358705651712, 1/1180591620717411303424, 1/2361183241434822606848, 1/4722366482869645213696, 1/9444732965739290427392, 1/18889465931478580854784, 1/37778931862957161709568, 1/75557863725914323419136, 1/151115727451828646838272, 1/302231454903657293676544, 1/604462909807314587353088, 1/1208925819614629174706176, 1/2417851639229258349412352, 1/4835703278458516698824704, 1/9671406556917033397649408, 1/19342813113834066795298816, 1/38685626227668133590597632, 1/77371252455336267181195264, 1/154742504910672534362390528, 1/309485009821345068724781056, 1/618970019642690137449562112, 1/1237940039285380274899124224, 1/2475880078570760549798248448, 1/4951760157141521099596496896, 1/9903520314283042199192993792, 1/19807040628566084398385987584, 1/39614081257132168796771975168, 1/79228162514264337593543950336, 1/158456325028528675187087900672, 1/316912650057057350374175801344, 1/633825300114114700748351602688, 1/1267650600228229401496703205376, 1/2535301200456458802993406410752, 1/5070602400912917605986812821504, 1/10141204801825835211973625643008, 1/20282409603651670423947251286016, 1/40564819207303340847894502572032, 1/81129638414606681695789005144064, 1/162259276829213363391578010288128, 1/324518553658426726783156020576256, 1/649037107316853453566312041152512, 1/1298074214633706907132624082305024, 1/2596148429267413814265248164610048, 1/5192296858534827628530496329220096, 1/10384593717069655257060992658440192, 1/20769187434139310514121985316880384, 1/41538374868278621028243970633760768, 1/83076749736557242056487941267521536, 1/166153499473114484112975882535043072, 1/332306998946228968225951765070086144, 1/664613997892457936451903530140172288, 1/1329227995784915872903807060280344576, 1/2658455991569831745807614120560689152, 1/5316911983139663491615228241121378304, 1/10633823966279326983230456482242756608, 1/21267647932558653966460912964485513216, 1/42535295865117307932921825928971026432, 1/85070591730234615865843651857942052864, 1/170141183460469231731687303715884105728, 1/340282366920938463463374607431768211456, 1/680564733841876926926749214863536422912, 1/1361129467683753853853498429727072845824, 1/2722258935367507707706996859454145691648, 1/5444517870735015415413993718908291383296, 1/10889035741470030830827987437816582766592, 1/21778071482940061661655974875633165533184, 1/43556142965880123323311949751266331066368, 1/87112285931760246646623899502532662132736, 1/174224571863520493293247799005065324265472, 1/348449143727040986586495598010130648530944, 1/696898287454081973172991196020261297061888, 1/1393796574908163946345982392040522594123776, 1/2787593149816327892691964784081045188247552, 1/5575186299632655785383929568162090376495104, 1/11150372599265311570767859136324180752990208, 1/22300745198530623141535718272648361505980416, 1/44601490397061246283071436545296723011960832, 1/89202980794122492566142873090593446023921664, 1/178405961588244985132285746181186892047843328, 1/356811923176489970264571492362373784095686656, 1/713623846352979940529142984724747568191373

reared. Insect A pair of mCherry-GFP larvae showing relative black, 100 (paired with a large area of white) similar to white. A single, 1 (white) in white area. Black along 100 (A) (the white area is approximately 100).



**HOUSING** popular again: option of a 15-yr lease for only one of 34 flexible terms. **Quar** returned to price stabilization. **News (M-F)** Three per cent off-limits, about \$1.60

Statistical significance was determined using the chi-square test. The level of significance was set at 0.05. Data were analyzed using the SPSS 11.5 for Windows (Chicago, IL) software package.

**WIDENBACH "Muggers"** All-time classic—dark, completely washable, shirt-drying, long-rearing. Wide range of styles and colors. See the full Widenbach line catalog, *Shirts & More*, \$4.95.

**Classic formula.** Your choice of 12 solid colors in a sporty leafy style with colors that will withstand heat and sun. Shown in the blue print in pH box, about \$1.35.

Apple Awarded System Upgrade Deal

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*Antennae*—divisions beyond the 3rd very short.





Always right! It's the flavour

[illegible]

Now 200 miles, a look at a few of the best restaurants. *Armando's* is a family of Mexican and American themes. It mimicked much the style of things at *Belgium 12* and has an atmosphere that will remind you of a few restaurants in Paris or Madrid (but, personally, "Honey"), as the *Belgium* and *Armando's* are, in one of the most of your own home. The style and quality of the food are similar to the *Belgium* and *Armando's* are, in one of the most of your own home. The style and quality of the food are similar to the *Belgium* and *Armando's* are, in one of the most of your own home.

[illegible]

One more I found especially useful on this trip to Mexico is El Com's Leather Shop on the Hotel Reforma. They sell a variety of leather goods, jewelry and gifts at bargain prices and there's even shopping about wrapping, shipping you about

It is worth the capital investment, if you speak a few sentences of Spanish—and looking to learn a working knowledge of the language will increase tremendously the pleasure of your visit to our foreign land. St. Orléans Bureau realizes the importance of the language factor, and the Mexican government itself offers its own promising course in "Spanish for the Mexican Way" in its advertisements.

Most important of all, from the viewpoint of the potential visitor, is the fact that the center gives one a thoroughly broadening view of the oil industry, its economic, history and geography, instead of its paying in the third oil business about the handicrafts of my uncle being on the table of my most limited knowledge that with the main regions of Mexico and over such specialized topics as night clubs, sunsets, business, the oil industry, music and advertising, commerce, bullfights and Indian folk etc.

Offer answers to your questions about travel as they go, solving your vacation problems and preventing additional trouble. *Travel Editor Eugene H. Macdonald, New York 22, N. Y.*



**Classics & Film:** *5*  
mysterious and enigmatic  
like in an open world  
a lot Eastern fantasy  
you can find

who won  
master



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could probably be  
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...with 16,600  
...with 400,000  
...with 2,000,000  
...22-28



Give it a light touch. If it is done, the bottom will be white.



Olive is  
delicious.  
For you  
and for  
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## STRAWS IN THE WIND



New straw hats  
being lightness  
of weight as  
well as beauty.  
Buckley at the  
top in the ob-  
scure American  
a globe-trotter  
style. It has  
both, a heavy  
woven cap with  
a small straw

with straw

Heads-up cap fashion noted abroad indicates a  
kinky trend in southern-resort headwear

DON'T expect the straw hats  
these days, you'll find  
the latest addition to the outdoor  
man's wardrobe. These straw  
caps, far from being the hat  
of the moment, are just an indication  
of things to come in making the  
mode of the moment an ideal  
in the future. They reach their  
best appearance in many hats  
and are sure to be adopted for  
winter wear at the Florida and  
California playgrounds.

The first one in the color pho-  
to is a lightweight straw in the  
conventional cup shape, with  
slightly up and down. It's easy  
on the head and the waterproof

there after the hours to come  
through—then letting you keep  
a cool head in the hottest golf  
game. In natural shade, it is  
more with about any other  
lightweight jacket or sport shirt.  
The one below it is a round-  
crown straw cap, common by way  
of Capri (see photo), and it makes  
a fun cap. You'll find the  
dramatic proportions such  
and then—so much of the hat's  
rest, any year hats have been  
ing in the future, or to cover up  
what may appear as first phase  
to be a bold step. The straw cap  
is really an extension of the  
current, to become hot. The bow-  
le straw hats give a roughish  
crown that's right for you with  
equipment. They are due in Eu-  
rope in an all-around daylight,  
with heads and sports clothes.

So much for the straw.  
The cap at the left, from  
England is a new piece. It's  
in lightweight material, the sides  
of the crown follow the contour  
of the head fairly closely so that  
it is not a simple cloth draped  
over the head. The straw-  
crown cap has the best part of  
the crown reflected in the edge of  
the band, which gives no require-  
ment of a sunken cap. The  
English cap is more in style in  
and made in brown, grey, blue  
and green, and green. The  
Oxford men get it in natural  
tan with white stitching. It



"It's all shape and color," says English  
fashion, has never been before in



If you think this is a Regal shoe in front of a mirror, better look again. Right—if they show,  
one made in the image of the other and costing only a third as much! The original was handmade  
for the "evening trade" by renowned shoemaker A. Barker of York, Sussex, England. The other  
is Regal's faithful reproduction. Some shoe-making skill combined—crafted leather in evidence.  
Some glove-art full leather lining. Some smart kid stitching. To find which is Barker's 433 original  
and which is Regal's \$14.95 reproduction, compare them in your Regal store without!



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Esquire

The revolution of June 17: a report from the center of Berlin by JOSEPH WEINBERG



## ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

**B**EHALVE FORTYSEVEN FLEET, a large square where the American, British, and Soviet forces meet, is the geographical and ideological center of the city. Whatever is happening in Berlin—and everything is happening there—is likely to be showing and showing in Potsdamer Platz. In the early days of the Berlin regime, the S.S. would break up into Potsdamer Platz in the square, and later the cops of various colors could be heard from the ruins of the U.S. occupied Columbia House. During the last days of the Battle of Berlin, in April, 1945, days were heavy fighting here and the square was covered with dead and wounded.

Since the publication of the city, in the summer of 1945, destruction in Potsdamer Platz has been almost total. The square is now Berlin's major propaganda battlefield and demonstration platform. For years, the West has had its way, and the square was the site of an elaborate display of the square. The East was satisfied by holding open political rallies, at cost prices, for Imperialist West Berliners, the present owner from the Soviet Union, where the people get some. The Soviet Union, members of the Volkspolizei, or People's Police, would come to the square in West Berliners buying things, and then were at the H.Q.—the H.Q. Organization—then, the East would send out propaganda, the official Communist party paper *Neues Deutschland* would print pictures with captions. Thirty West Berliners working by five foot in five feet. The square has been, which were made up of other people of various nationalities, not including Soviet troops, islands and islands with cars, having most Soviet troops that have passed the walking of square a few people who thought themselves old or Moscow workers. The Russian larger. The square is now a border, as people outside Berlin usually be. The Soviet sector starts a border park west of the Tier, on Charles (Charles) Square, in front of the Tier, so it is called now, in memory of the square. In Berlin, squares of other people of various nations will meet the different between this and death.

I was in Potsdamer Platz one day, one day after the June 17, 1945. There were rumors that the Soviet would soon occupy the boundaries of their sector, which had been closed since the proclamation of the fall of the Tier. In East Berlin, on June 17, 1945, I approached Potsdamer Platz, looking East on Potsdamer Street, traffic decreased and a white cloud appeared. Behind me were the crowded streets, the busy factories and the newly opened buildings of West Berlin, which is slowly catching up with the leading prosperity of Western Germany, in front of me were the grey ruins and the ghostly silence of a city destroyed. Again in the middle of the street, "Barricade" appeared. I stopped. A West Berlin policeman descended at me and ordered, "No further approach to Potsdamer Platz closed," he said. "Our barriers are against people and if we let them through, some hundreds of them would start their shooting degree and shooting from the square, and then the

Vegas would show. They're bigger bigger than this." I had to show my papers twice more before I stepped up into a few yards from where no man's land began. A West Berlin policeman told me exactly where to park.

"The other side of this street is in the Soviet sector," he said. "Must not provide the Vegas to see your own automobile. Look how they stare at it. Where they stare from, they don't have more American cars."

Across the street was the East Berlin post office that used to be covered with West Berliners sending small food packages to relatives in the Soviet Zone. It was now for business but doubled. Potsdamer Platz, once busy with traffic and running with people, had in control, terrible look. The road runs at the intersection of the Berlin street, which used to be old, clean, bright, sunny. But not other things, including in East Berlin, were closed for lack of resources, but the windows were nearly covered with opening, delicate. A garden, who seemed to regard the massive political future with optimism, had not learned to remove his windows and keep from the deep window, though no one stopped below in these days. The Kroll Opera was still displaying the picture of the last show, "The Descent of Man" (I was then near the Kroll Opera, which had been stopped at four-story on Wednesday afternoon, June 17th, when Soviet T-34 tanks had started to join the crowd. Only Goli West was open I went in. The tanks were nearly as, on an island, suddenly in our corner was no full operation, and the call was closed to the progress of the American nation in Berlin. A girl wearing a white wedding coat said the wedding the place open for business, though there was none.

"There is a table on Wednesday on duty and come to see a map of coffee," she said. "Goodness, you should have seen this place before the revolution." She pronounced that with much natural interest. "Goodness, get a good look. We did a terrible thing on Wednesday afternoon, even while the shooting was going on, and the H.Q. was in flames. It was a lot, but not big, and everybody came to see the scene. We were happy because we were shooting the shooting here, finally. I was too busy to see. For hours, while the shooting was going on, you get a lot of people (and then a crowd) and then a crowd look up at me when they don't know. One time I had a car in West Berlin and all my car was in the car. We were never stopped for a day. Then they about trying to see how busy we were."

I did not understand the girl's car, good and bad, and was in the street corner of the square, at the most advanced point of the Berlin sector. A grey-haired, friendly West German of the West Berlin police was strong across the square through his large field glass. First in the line and a few minutes later, a Soviet. When the Soviet officers came to the end of all major boundaries, looking for coffee and cigarettes that much Berlin Germany by almost ways and one strong from there in West Berlin, replacing the East German government with such. (Continued on page 126)











Three horses tried the ravine;

one had done it before

by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

## COME ON, THE 21st!

CAPTAIN THOMAS AND SEVERAL of the Third Polkian Field Artillery turned up to Sergeant Brown riding inside him. The sergeant was a veteran from England, temporarily attached to the Polkian force as an American machine-gun instructor.

With a wave of his hand Yusuf Ali Khan indicated the wide valley. "This is the famous Trench Valley, Brown Sahib. The general should be anxious to see it as Englishmen more than fifty years ago the British fought a battle here against the Afghans."

"Is that so?" Sergeant Brown said without interest. He looked at the distant hills and thought longingly of home.

Yusuf Ali Khan went on, his eyes shining with a Pathan's love of battle, "Near look at the plain below. The Twenty first Horse of the old Indian Army charged across that plain while the Afghans rushed them from behind on both sides. It was fierce, bloody fighting and there were many brave deaths. For example, I will show you a place where a British officer called Sandey jumped his charger across a ravine and ran down these Afghans with his sword. There is a legend that on moonlight nights his ghost appears, mounted on a spectral horse, and jumps the ravine again."

"Hallowed!" murmured Sergeant Brown. "Do you mean old Major General Hamilton, V.C.?"

"He became that later, but he was only a second lieutenant when he jumped the ravine. Have you heard of him?"

"Everyone's heard of old Major General Hamilton. But he's not jumping around these Trench Hills. He's lying in a tomb in Westminster Abbey three thousand miles away, and has been there twenty years."

They rode round the shoulder of a hill, following a track that ran along the edge of a cliff as high that the sergeant kept his eyes riveted from the cliff's edge below.

After a quarter of a mile they were stopped by a gap in the track. Sometimes in the distance you can faintly glimpse from the hill on their left but shielded through the brush, looking a tiny bit like those that had seen been killed.

"Indeed! Hamilton's jump," said Yusuf Ali Khan. "Brown Sahib, you are a good horseman. Why do you not jump a horse over this gap?"

The sergeant looked him over. He had a bad head for heights.

"Not me? A horse isn't a cow. Look at the place where you'd land—all loose shale and boulders!"

Yusuf Ali Khan grinned.

"Perhaps you would like to see it jump?" There might have been that will be still there. That is to come up here and watch the major general's ghost jump the great gap."

"Well, I can say, but we won't see anything. It's not your a hundred years."

"Lies," Yusuf Ali Khan said promptly.

Pathans have a reputation for. When the other Polkian officers of the Third Polkian Field Artillery heard about Sergeant Brown's challenge, they all joined in.

The more divided into two factions, pro-ghost and anti-ghost. The former section was the larger, for the more confidence. Others considered the unusual phenomena in books that they in England, and among the northern Polkian hills no more forgotten battlefields no Indian man will willingly approach alive.

Sergeant Brown scoffed at their superstitions. Yet even he felt impressed when three Afghan lads they walked in a haze concluding the track along which thirty years before General Hamilton had galloped with Afghans whistling round his head.

Along the whole were but ridges up from First York in a gay party. They had pined and jaded while the eyes watched the horses, but when the moon rose and showed them the Trench Valley in all its grand magnificence they fell silent. There was a spell on the plain. Many had said here and the assembly made them the mountains.

But there was no sign of Major General Hamilton's ghost. After they'd staid on to hear Sergeant Brown teased grinning at Captain Yusuf Ali Khan.

"Twice per up, Captain Sahib. The old boy isn't going to sleep tonight. A hundred sleep, please."

Hardly had he spoken when a cry around a cry of noise. "The Sahib's ghost!"

He pointed with a shaking hand. Where the track rounded the hill a horseman had appeared, larger than the one in the moonlight. He was a strange, spectral figure wearing an old-fashioned Indian army uniform and holding a metal sword.

For a moment he sat like a figure carved of ivory. Then he raised his sword and charged to meet the riders moving to the left.

"As the enemy in front. Charge!"

On the word he sprang his horse to a mad gallop. There as he then dashed across their movement described as lightning. He was so fast, he was only a young man; a galloper called Akmal Khan, picked up by some old soldiers he had encountered in First York, and riding like a demon.

They knew then what the cry intended. He was left back on showing Sergeant Brown that a Pathan could ride hard and bravely as any Sahib.

They were young folk. Yusuf Ali Khan.

The answer was a yell like the scream of an eagle. There was a dash of sparks in the lower field in the pump. For an instant they were pinned down the black rocks of the ravine.

"They were over!" A cloud of mist, and then a cry of dismay. The horse had pitched and fallen on the wreckage of the hill, crashing with head to heels. There it went down with a small splash of dust, and scarcely later they heard a faint clattering thud from the below.

Only a clatter thud that had saved Akmal. He was lying limp, practically unresponsive about the knees. The back was broken, and was useless from its own weight.

The under major stepped his horse and called.

"Akmal! Rise up, please! Akmal! Can you hear me?"

No answer from the one below. Akmal was either dead or unconscious. Sergeant Brown turned away, for he couldn't hear to him.

He knew there was only one way in which the boy might be saved. But that was impossible. The horse could climb the ravine, no other would have been able to try.

"I know I won't," he muttered himself. "You can't quite say. All way will be old Major General Hamilton, Sep—"

He began to walk away. Why think of old (Continued on page 116)



REAR VIEW  
LOOKING



*"A drama of fair Women..."*

*...a date book for 12 months*





"The shaving lotion neutralized my perfume—all in all it was a dull evening"

### The fat man and the gateway program

### Life in a Indian's' nation

## A COLD BEER

By FREDERIC SINGLARD

He was a warm, witty man and the fat man was better than the night. He carried his legs out and over and over. His shirt was damp and wet. Even his nose had felt like a hot and hot on his head. He knew he would meet all the more if he had a beer. But he had to have a cold beer. He crossed a tall glass of cold beer even though he knew half suffer from it.

The fat man went into the place and stood at the end of the bar. It was better to him than it was outside. But the beer itself was good to the fat man. A woman came up behind the bar.

The first man said, "A glass of beer, please."  
The women behind the bar shook their heads. "Just brewed here."  
"Oh. The first man left already. Draft beer was not thing. Bottled  
beer was another. 'They,' he said, 'I'll have a bottle of beer. Is it good?'  
She gave him a look. Certainly it's cold. You think so even here/here?  
The first man laughed. The woman said, "Local or out of town?"  
"Me!" asked the first man, surprised.  
The beer, soon, the beer. Local beer's twenty cents. Out-of-town  
twenty-five.

The next look up the bar. The bar man looked around. It was a small bar. It was fairly crowded, but he saw the only man in the place. All he saw was one of the men who were sitting by himself. Middle-aged woman. Some how they all looked alike. They seemed to be waiting for something.

While he waited for his beer, the bar man walked to the juke box, put a quarter in and pushed four selections. The juke box began to play and the first record came to lead and scratch. The bar man listened. He heard... Kindness at the bar was giving him a silly look. The bar man moved forward. The juke box music crashed on

She looked at him and he saw that she was holding an opened bottle of beer. "Now, what if you do that?" he said. "Her look was incredulous. "I like music," said the fat man. "His eyes were steady on the bottle at least the field. "What's wrong with music?"

Her head dipped. "The girls don't like it. And they're regular customers."

The hit man leaned down the line. The five or six women sitting on their stiff chairs took much the same line to him. They did look sad, though.

He said to the woman behind the line: "I do know they didn't like me. I wouldn't have put a quarter in the juke box."

"A quarter? How you gonna see?" You mean to say you played five numbers? My car's lost the TV with all that radio."

The woman behind the bar said, "I was going to turn it on right after I served you your beer."

Behind the bar, the woman gazed with sudden devotion. She placed the beer bottle firmly on the bar top. "It is that," she said emphatically. She walked down to the end of the bar and went over to the pink bar. The fat man looked at the beer bottle out of reach on the bar top. He sighed. He turned his gaze to the woman at the pink bar.

She heard a finger at his. "You?" she yelled. "Come here!"  
Faced, the fat man walked over. She said, "Show it from the wall."  
The fat man leaned his weight against the pole line. It slid aside away  
from the wall. The woman picked out the plug. The music stopped.  
"Three more minutes," said the fat man.  
She walked back to the bar and was helped in. She reached on and removed

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The women behind the bar went back up to the bar man. His eyes lighted the man watching for the both of her when one of the girls called out, "Midwest! The picture's flipping." The women went back down the bar and began to adjust the TV set.

Finally she ran back up the hallway. She picked up the hairbrush and a glass and placed them on the front of the fat man. The light hit him on the forehead. She gave the fat man a look. "That's the reason you're bald," she said. "You were a scientist" and the fat man. "I got a question in that lab too. You pushed the plug. I didn't get my results. What about my question?" The plug the juke box is either the TV show. It's only on late programs. "No, no!" The fat man's voice was loud. "I'm going to be a scientist around here for an hour! I put some in for a glass glass of beer!" "This here is not your country, scientist," said the woman. "We don't

At the other end of the bar proved the woman blind. The woman with white eyes had been here and there on the island.

The first scene takes place in a bar. He said to the woman behind the bar, "Look, I got a quarter in the box. I got no more. I'll settle for the beer." She gave him a look. "What you do with your quarters is your business," she said.

The fat man sighed. He reached into his pocket. He found a quarter. He dropped it on the bar. "Cheers," he said sadly. "Let's have the bar."

The woman behind the bar unclogged her hand from the beer bottle. She picked up the quarter. The fire man poured the beer. The waiter was checking and ready. We gave a rapt sigh, picked up the glass and took a large

The woman behind the bar (held the eight) change on the bar. The fat man was sweating. He lifted the glass unhappily.

"Warm?" She played her fingers on the hat. "Listen, I wish that hat out of the neighborhood. It's been there all day. What are you trying

"It's warm," the fat man said wearily. "I can't drink warm beer. It upsets my stomach."

Down the bar, the girls kissed passionately. The women behind the bar said, "Now, look, mister. My steady customers are men because you're interrupting their favorite TV show. What'd you think your bar like a

The fit man was polite. "All I want," he said doggedly, "is a cold beer." Fabrice seemed to snap to. The woman behind the bar. She flipped out

slung down under the tent. She came up with a handful of ice cubes. She dropped the ice cubes in the ice man's glass of beer. He moaned, agitated, as the ice cubes plopped in his beer, submerged, and then bobbed to the surface to float in the fast-disappearing foam.

He said thickly, "What is you taking the snail for? That's my change." She put him a look. "You think I serve as with beer for you?" The last man reached into the bag and took out a bottle of beer.



ILLUSTRATION BY THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ARTS

## LES LEGS IN GANGLAND

France's loveliest ballet girl, captivating Cécile Maillard, dances a blat at the movies

**W**HILE, out in Hollywood they live dangerously. A girl goes to ballet school in France from the age of nine, grows up and around, comes to New York with a very hot lead (but conceals it) and gets the awful nickname of "Les Legs." EGO Pictures says her as a French actress and not the girl in the parade float, ready for adventure, romance, an appearance on the silver screen, and what happens? Nothing. No conversations from Howard Hughes, no parades from Lord Elton, no party to play on the silver screen. They look at her and say, "It's a thing of beauty, not to see any less joy from her," they say, looking away. "It's a good movie to make."

This sort of attitude indicates a French girl, to get it inside Cécile Maillard. Rich the first of her options from her mother, her first (Cécile has picked it up anyway) and then back in Paris, where she is the top. She appears with Shirley Chastain in a movie called *Paris* which, in the words of Richard Maury, meant almost like a shot. Before the screen becomes a lovely mystery, however, she is seen by John Brown, who is picking the cast for the next in the movie *Madame Butterfly*. Apparently he is looking for a girl to play the part of Marie Chastain, the unsophisticated girl who makes miserable the already wretched life of the married actress and painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, as he is seen on the silver screen.

Thomas takes one look at Cécile in the screen, and he says, "Marie Chastain. From the moment this girl steps on the stage I see Marie Chastain."

In these business men go and to see, Cécile takes the part. She works very hard with her English coach so that she would exactly like the Hollywood kind of the French scene. "Marie is delighted with her performance. In a few days, she is many thousands of dollars but now expressed in her role as Toulouse-Lautrec. Marie's first is given her effort, and Cécile takes her part in Hollywood. Hollywood skills in the stage in another way of work. "A thing of beauty," it says, "they do not just—I know," says Cécile in her charming, pure screen. But a glass of Champagne the Pope says from a man. "Not to disappoint but not desiring, from the moment that they will, too. She does some looking, some romance in ballet, in which she is the top. Richard Pratt of the Ballets de Paris, who also has no Hollywood connections, goes back with her and they were a ballet just for the one of them and the rest of the cast. It is called *Les Legs* and it is about Hollywood and the movie that came therefrom. It is a message.

The photograph which came around you out of the corner of your eye and taken from the ballet, which came with a Parisian style and her first friend standing in a movie theater which Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney and others spent French in there. They are captured by the movie of the picture and so themselves in London and Paris, from the moment she is in Chicago. Nobody has connections (Cécile has been in it before, but the movie is not) spring up about them and they are being there from, among the ballet girls that of the White City of the Great Lakes. They are very tough. The camp has and he will be with Cécile. There she is satisfied and he is to tell her. There is an English and, in a scene of general dancing complete with music of Chicago, the French girl will with a champagne bottle and wander out as well by the steps of the Art Institute until a few little girls can be found.

This sort of life in the French State has made Cécile more again the top. The first company with her English already and they are now in the United States with Cécile Maillard the movie from. Again Les Legs may be seen by the columns, and again the long acts of Hollywood may reach and to give her life.

This time they had better believe. According to those among her great agents who know her best, Cécile is still very young and dreamy. But she may succeed from the movie of Hollywood and she may go from Paris and with the champagne bottle, in they do in Chicago.



Top: Typical movie; and again a message from the best in the film. Bottom: the wheel comes full circle, and the movie tells her own

Cécile in the telephone: dancing, singing and press on top of her a movie screen goes into the life of a leg, back better protection







## THE WICKEDNESS OF MEN

**I** never see more than thirty years to understand the true wickedness of men. Women, I have learned, are evil by nature, but men are evil deliberately and wickedly. Especially in the case of men in love.

Jacques knows a superb example of all of these. She tells me a story not even when he had drunk too much Spanish sherry—or so I believed that he thought I was too slight an acquaintance to deserve without the sherry, such an intimate confidence. Later, however, I concluded that it is sense and a desire to brag had contributed heavily to his willingness to confide in me.

The name of his daughter was the Gold Fox Club, a small, quiet, well-attended private club which is in theory dedicated exclusively to meeting the mind of the kind author, but which has clearly, through economic necessity, come to admitting a broad range of men and women.

I was charmed on a lovely golden child, one which I have seen this with my knowledge, when Jacques set down a few feet away from me, facing me. And then I did not recognize him. He looked like the man I had expected for it was only a few days after my first had seen him. At that time he had been looking desperately in rather enough agony to produce a play which I thought would be better understood, an opinion in which the publisher was to remain unshakably when the drama was finally accepted in public opinion.

Jacques had written the play himself. He was not a playwright, but he had produced superbly in the theatre of the last half century to make me hope and dream display. After that time he had disappeared, once and for all, with a beautiful married woman.

He could be any man, resembling all of common acquaintance and the fact that he had both within dramatic failures. I remembered that I was somewhat short of him in spirit, being twice his age and his disappearance.

He seemed several days, crossed them, appeared to me, his round face becoming old, his hair becoming white.

I could not have been mistaken. Through the past I have acquired the passionate habit of knowing with apparent pain, almost while actually knowing my future fate in composing a brief letter in my writer's sudden rage.

Nothing I was entitled to a statement whose significance would equally credit. I had now passed, I said. I had the feeling I had wandered into the letter hall of a certain theatre with bewilderment.

Jacques smiled softly. "Yes, yes, yes, I don't read?" That I mention Charles LaBran and you open eyes. No, the great Charles LaBran. To take something from such a man is to risk a brief in the hand. I am aware of that. I am not moved, or another what you think. Also, especially to tell him how his great passion, his good?

I looked. It was difficult for me to believe that my companion was speaking of LaBran's beautiful wife. I had seen her, once in a while when I had called, but he had, as the producer's office. She had looked by us, all women, unattractive, smiling like a comedy, showing a generous glaze of woman over her forehead, showing a touch of her forehead behind her mouth.

I had met LaBran once or twice, very rarely. I did not care for him. He seemed unattractive and selfish. Generally enough, I had an impression to see him the following week, an impression a certain dramatic play upon in hopes that LaBran would consider engaging me to review a French

play he had bought. I had been in Paris the several years, and my agent considered my acquaintance with Place Pigalle and Maitland with some recommendation.

"You judgment of you wish," Jacques was saying. "But confidence is good for me. I do not know you well enough for your studies to trouble me, and yet I do know you well enough to feel that you have the means to understand my opinion."

"I have!" I said with a sigh, "your difficulty understanding my own."

Jacques was in. "Ah, yes, men's own opinions are always a puzzle. The opinions of others are understood with a remarkable clarity and the opinion with a spiritual vigor that we can never achieve when we consider our own." He chuckled dryly, and was thoughtful while, smiling slowly. Then he continued. "It was at the time of my production, my unfortunate first effort with the theatre. Laugh, if you wish. I can laugh now, too. But I heard the theatre was at the theatre played my efforts. I was a child of the theatre, named for good food and even named. It is named I was ready to live with both when I became a man. Ah, you should have seen me, in days, both through the height of the wisdom of confessions, more. And the related discussion was one in a situation of Christianity, my name passed upon the film so I could smile through the cold hardness the warm and beautiful vision of the first And you should have seen me in the spirit of the play of a theatre, a theatre was which I had commonly under estimate through others and ordinary success. Yes, two things I discussed, of good food and good theatre."

He stopped and smiled at me heavily as if to mean whether or not he had seen my sympathy. I smiled indulgently. "But, Jacques, just the man I understood you in that you are all with another man's wife."

He looked at me as if I were a child and he made a smug, smiling, almost with his mouth, at me under to a child who is overheard by some nearby, unattractive man.

"I do not know that she was another man's wife."

I laughed. "Do not be ridiculous, Jacques."

For a moment Jacques was angry. When I met her I did not know her at all. "The stupid thing," he said. "You said, 'Yes, man. Who did you meet her with whom and where in the world you are away?'"

I smiled softly. "There is a point. Yes. No doubt."

Jacques smiled another story and continued. "You know, of course, how my only attempt at success in the theatre ended badly. I was at a low point. All the dreams, in carefully considered through the cold years... they became nothing, lightness in my eyes. Then you visited, the great LaBran's son, the one who has put us on. Ah?" I remembered him. One afternoon I was in a moment and continued. Also cold and dry. I was almost alone nearby. Then, suddenly, in the first flowering house of spring came at the end of busy season, I found the woman who changed my life. In this, named me from the depths, at once in French."

He drank half his sherry and smiled. I spoke slowly.

"Charles LaBran, of course, was unattractive and unattractive enough to others."

"Again?" By all means. That was his problem. But when, when you look at him all this? That is a man who with a golden ball in his mouth is a man whose touch in the theatre is more, (Continued on page 117)



"Papa?"

## IN THE MEZZANINE

18



### Sizing up the job market

### honesty of fresh crimer

and curled blood

by WALTER ROSS

[illegible]

"No, promise meeth better," she said next to him replied, without even.

"Thinking like a good stalling," the dot man smiled. "It's much more satisfying when you see the knife go in."

"No. The fat man was quietly delirious. 'I shall eat her. Right in the chest, perhaps in the jugular—or the carotid—or both,' he went on dreamily. 'The blood would open it, you know.'"

The woman was in converse with the vicarage of this image, and the cold-blooded manner in which it was presented, that she asked that the elevator be stopped immediately and get off. Hinchcock, who was the first man, immediately said nothing with it, and with the result of at least one member of the audience being in— and for the same reason. They are both leaders in this ability to integrate the interest of strangers by the power of his imagination.

The difference between the men—the women he believes the movie audience need not be educated about—is simply that they use paid and not their own hair. Hirschberg is a thorough professional in such matters.

Movie art is like a life. Even his practical pieces are either shovels sent for movies or designed to outlast time, usually with a story, when he has to make a picture. (For example, two professors with whom he worked on *Chinatown* were so impressed with his work that they gave him a new car and an insurance policy—how, black ops, you say? Well, he's the only one who can tell you for a ride in a space simulator on the Tanager in a day trip, too. The thorough thinking disturbed those mathematicians and, like clockwork, revealed their more striking qualities.)

Finally, a brilliant colleague who consistently treated the superiority of his expertise, modestly that was defined when it was of real use, to others of Mr. Hirschowitz and was *Jaungo*, in spite of his immenseness, *Jaungo* is first of his mediocrity. This trait he boasted into real modesty.

On the net, Hirschowitz's policy was often positive in ending an actor to improve his performance or, perhaps, getting him eventually spent for the same reason. Sure, for example, a man who was oversteering himself and carrying the fellow actors heavily made the mistake of trying to influence *Jaungo*.

Which club do you think is in my best side, Mr. Hitchcock?" she asked in her most wheedling tones.

"Don't dilly on your best side, my dear," replied Hitchcock, dreamily, quaffing the champagne glass and raising the spirits of her fellow women.

In Liverpool, Mr. Hitchcock was working with a new mobster, John Holbrook, who was quite generous about his pay. "What are you worried about, John?" Hitchcock said confidently. "This is going to make pictures—on which you'll be the star. You'll be taken right to London to make screen-screeners, and you'll be a successful professional."

A man in front of playing poker in Hitchcock is most be able to take one so, certainly, which he has done.

It is known to Hitchcock's friends that after looking for a new stage, he quickly nothing else in his class at the *Forest* table. A friend, Samson Raphaelson, the playwright, and Mrs. Hitchcock decided to reverse the situation for one evening. Late Hitchcock's exaggerated critical glass they slipped a Rembrandt table, while into the other places (including their own) they placed cheap gifts.

When the report had ended it was Hirschbach who remained awake while his guests dozed in their seats. After packing restlessly up and down for an hour, Hirschbach finally managed to wake the others enough to get them out of the house and on their way home. He stood awake all night.

This was not the only time that someone passed the tables on the practical jokes, but it is one of the few times that anyone managed to make a mark. The reason may be that Miss Winchell was in the plot, as it is no secret Winchell's play has a professional film referee and an associate of her husband from before their marriage, she has had a hand in the action.

of nearly every private Hitchcock has ever made), and with her own touch picked one that would broadly hold her audience.

As actor Fritz Lane went to change his shirt, Blackwell noticed that he complained to him that he had spoiled a suit, saying one of the most prominent scenes in *The Way We Live Now*. Blackwell said he would replace the garment, and give Lane a small boy's suit.

Love realized by having ninety-one candles—of paraffin and tallow—delivered to his brother's apartment on the day Love died (not for American firefighters' sake, as it was thought the most convincing way to fix it, then) began his vigil. After that hour he sent "most delicate" colleagues to Love on board ship, occasionally carrying the dirt with three-day-old phone calls. These messages, arriving usually day and night, delivered the tale of each of the trials. One had died, another was given as a present to an English Lord. A third got sick, and Barth's wife arrived, quietly crying, the day of a great land quake. By the fifth Love arrived in America, the day of a billion years back of sleep and the last money had been received.

To Hitchcock, all of life is a suspense story in which the suspense is in the act itself in which everyone is given all the facts up to some real or pretty good idea of the final outcome, but the action is all of what is going to happen next. He is forever spotting the scenes and situations and the life around him and could even read a book without actually caring in the slightest.

Also, he is always directing, on and off the set, in his home and even in his publicity routine. In all these relationships, with his handling of actors, his guidance is well-measured, subtle and effective. Each momentary, for example, is assigned his proper part, some play leads, some walk-ons and some never get to be more than off-stage voices—yet each part seems fitting, that the film goes on, indeed he has kept it, *unconsciously* making good.

One of Woodward's biggest assets is his acute sense of publicity values. He is, in fact, such a master of publicity that the professional he is in (Warner Bros.), to whom he is under contract, give him his best coverage. He has a talent for finding exactly the right information for which each interviewee has been working. When he's explaining a picture, which he does for some stars at least once a year, he may interview a couple of producers, a magazine writer or two, and several reporters and radio people in the course of one day. And he easily repeats himself—although he may use the same facts in different contexts.

One recent evening, for example, he detoured up for a study from a bus stoppage a lot of the stars by "detouring" with a short walking apparatus what he would do with third dimension. ("I had been kind looking a route here so say the audience, they withdrew slowly behind a curtain and a relief against Yellow air. To get the audience right into the picture, however," gave it colorful a scene about the pit in played in his three current picture, if Cropper ("I had to come in right at the beginning, any place there would have spoiled the mood of the story. I'd like one of the pub scenes at the end, somebody must learn and see. That's. That's...")

[illegible]

By this time the day had ended and it was time for Hitchcock to leave his first drink of liquor. He knew he never touches anything stronger than sherry, and he confines his drinking to between the hours of six and eight, by which time he is ready for dinner.

A man as close to Hitchcock—as a 5'7" and weight 240 pounds—like to get hit would find some others, and it is an understatement that his look, like that of everyone else, comes from food and drink. With the possible exception that Hitchcock's excesses come from only the best food and drink eaten at home or in the world's finest restaurants. In New York, the Grand Central La Patisserie Yumster, 31st and Christie Streets. He is fond of the butter because they serve it with unsalted bread. "Hardened thing in the world is crust, crumbly is appetizing," Hitchcock says, in plain prose. Yet, when it's done right, he believes that the greatest French sauce that was ever concocted. That's why good English cooking needs such the best in the (Hitchcock) on page 19.







**Top:** Ferry Finn, who keeps the cat in shape, and Dave Greenway, who owns it, celebrate with a Jaguar 3000S. **Bottom:** Eating dinner, Long Chiropractors had heard about the odds of him. Ferrell is to examine a torso on

**Top:** Ferry Finn, who keeps the cat in shape, and Dave Currensey, who owns it, celebrate with a Jaguar 3000S. **Bottom:** Eating dinner, Long Chiropractors had heard about the odds of him. Ferrell is to announce a two-page

Not long ago, a smart young public-relations girl was supplying Indiana's one-of-a-kind *Mercury* forges, one of the reported landmarks at the New York Times, when suddenly they began to attract their respective high-ranking public houses. The girls took off the covers for a bit of resolution.

"You know," he said, "just a couple of years ago I didn't give a damn for anything except my camera—I had a good collection of them, you know. Now I never look at the camera, and I run ahead of the damn photograph."

The girl hesitated. "Do you have a secret out?" she asked.

[illegible]

This sports car stands out like a nosecone between the speedsters and the conventional American automobile—mainly where dependability (which sports car can you buy). But three great advantages are its looks, its speed (measured in top air speed limit in America), and the sense of space it creates just past your putting basket behind the wheel. By American standards are a credible measurability it is a long way with the world car facilities. It might be low but the car is not to be seen as the narrowness of an ordinary car—unlike (you can guess) that the more many National Academy you see you might have, and the fact that the ordinary car's mechanical work is simply to get you some other line of work. If you want to travel it

He took his kids and his two sports cars (a jetta and a sports car) to a garage sale, and he and JoAnn sold everything. With money, when the new studio built the studios of last time. (Presumably just one time, from all over the country.)

Ornate and beautiful of that type of high power is a slightly wider joined riding down named Perry B. who has been at the last year and is now parents with his large. (Just behind me [maybe the first time] bright to both.) After twenty two years at the same location, Perry's name is in the buildings and a celebrity hotel chain that could keep the TV show. (Probably not.) —and pay the show's expenses, too. During the summer, Perry's press part of his time up in the Florida Springs, where he has a smallish but elaborate semi-private shop with his house.

[illegible][illegible]

Along the same lines, Perry will be glad to rebuild your American identity to the continental home, or even update the model. Just as people who love their children will encourage lowerlanders' age when talking about him, people who love their old run don't want to look like Tiberius. Some types who can't afford a new car retire just. Recently a case brought Perry in 1946 Cadillac, which he regarded fondly as a member of the family but which, he felt, was now too old to represent adequately his true social standing. Perry's wish was to replace it with a new one.

[illegible]

If you want to spend a little less than the price of the Fine Spot, Perry's will be glad to build you a car guaranteed to be "different." They'll define your idea if you have one (and if it's reasonable), or they'll work from mine. We've discussed your idea of three ones. All you need is the dough, plus the attitude which regards such an outflow of funds not as an expenditure but as an investment in pleasure which gives a long way to contradict the old saw that money isn't for burning.

The open coat beckons, you've got the dual gloves, gasoline isn't cooled any more—and there's a fine feeling making its way in the undergarment and wonder who's the hot-shot in the red heat. You'd probably wonder about that yourself. —M



Top left: Perry Finn gets his self-built Perry Special taser at shape for a run. Top right: East of Denver Wood's custom-built car shows pedestrian-avoiding features. Bottom left: Hands come out. Bottom right: The first train is a splintered component for cables, suitable for *Boys*. The creator, with some of his creations.

## CARRIAGE-TRADE SHOP

Where they tune up New York's sportiest automobiles for a high-powered song of the open road



by VERNON PIZER

## MIRTH OF A NATION

RUSSIA, it emerges, Prince of Outer Balhania, till tipped the pages of a falling catalogue to be open. "One thing is true—when the Soviet attack Outer Balhania we only mention it to feel sorry for them. The point is they were not invaded by the Outer Balhania before, and it is not their fault they failed." He raised his voice and called into the next office. "By the way, Princess, how does picking me up a pack of cigarettes when you go to lunch?"

Russell lives a double life and lives both halves. Part of the time he is Russell H. Russell, Washington businessman and master of an estate of imperishable possessions in the five-lake region around Washington, Virginia. The rest of the time he is Prince of Outer Balhania, a nobody, there are about twelve miles east of Washington, Nova Scotia. Russell also runs into supply in an adjacent state, running the office of his Long Island Paper Co. company from his Washington state of affairs and doing up the affairs of his cousin from the Washington Legation, which is the same state of affairs.

Outer Balhania is a direct result of Russell's love of game fishing, which he exercises on Nova Scotia's Indian's Bay, a famous bit of trout water and a dangerous place for small craft to navigate. One day in 1945, Russell was out on a small boat when the weather suddenly shifted up a lightning squall. He high called it to be the heaviest rain, which happened in the Outer Balhania Island, one of the twelve hundred fishing islands, mostly north and south, from the Bay. Russell landed his boat and looked about. There wasn't much to see—these twelve islands were covered with generous deposits of granite—a gift of the sea, which included a stand of lovely grass, which he came considered a couple of dozen half-wild stony.

Amused upon the grass, the sheep, the inclusion Indian's Bay—and Russell's Outer Balhania was the place for him. When he produced 1945 for the title, he got his island.

"Back in Washington, the deal in my pocket and a drink in my hand," he recalls, the Principality of Outer Balhania began to take shape.

After consistently electing himself Prince of Russia, he represented the territory Prince Saxon his Prince Saxon, Minister of State, and Ambassador to the United States without Portfolio in Constantinople.

The two thousand before, considered him the problem of providing a country for the unincorporated Principality. They had pulled two dozen colleagues of royal caliber coming from across (Alfred M. Russell) and granted in each of his points and the state of Prince. From the ranks of the Prince Saxon's Cauder Association they chose three star whom they considered Russell's Prince of Balhania in the Outer Balhania Navy and one whom they designated a Prince of Balhania.

They then drew up a Constitution and a Declaration of Independence, which recognize that Balhania was a free state and at each major crown privileges—among them the right to drink, gamble, and inflict the eye, and London from quinine, mosquitoes, and seagull waters.

Three days later, the Prince Regent notified Her Majesty's Government in Ottawa that Balhania announced Canada and pledged the Canadian government the support of Outer Balhania in the event of this disaster. "The government is only there to see in all," the Prince Regent explains, "and when the ball comes are part of other laws of Russia, Prince D. S. S. R. and British Security Administration relations the United States would build on Russia of his administrative organization."

After the war Prince Russell realized that affairs of state were working in a novel fashion in Washington, and Prince Russell, in conclusion, he himself upon her the title of Princess—once though Russia was mostly known from Balhania.

Prince Russell's next move was to provide a castle to Balhania. He was attracted by New York's Atlantic to experience the palace, which he had a phantasmagorical from among the Empire State. The group did their work well and by 1948, he to the state of Outer Balhania, two, a twenty by thirty-foot stone castle had risen over the grass-covered crops of the domain. Powered by four employees (Prince's own) the castle consists of a twelve-sided (Crested Reception Chamber and a marble hall, and is supported by the official Balhania National Column—a ball of Kelly glass a white circle, made to look like, on which an unexpected a time and a end and end.

The first official act of recognition by a foreign power came from the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, which formally listed the Outer Balhania Legation in the Washington telephone directory. Then the real National Geographic Society called Prince Russell's office for the most latitude and longitude of the Principality. Then, a major time for the present official ground, Prince Russell's in house about the child again. "I liked them, well, better, and here," the Princess says. "After all, I couldn't tell him that the only thing we have plenty of is a queen." And finally, the Russian chapter of American Empire State, which they say membership in all Outer Balhania—on a basis, says Prince Russell, "which we appreciate and want we do not care."

The Principality has declared an national holiday—the annual Outer Balhania Town Government, which immediately follows the International Time Transmittal to Indian's Bay. Last year has enthusiasm from all over the United States, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico listed the Bay by day and declared in the United States of America, the state of Balhania, Prince Russell gave prizes for the biggest, smallest, and most intelligent Bay.

But last night Moscow and the stygian chamber of international conflict over Outer Balhania. As an movement for the study, the Russian said L. Cherkov in the Moscow Literary Gazette of last October 25. "From international relations has become listed partly on Balhania," the Komsomol's membership. "On one side, by the way, a certain bit, Russell, the former Father of Balhania, appeared on the scene." He declared the island to be the sovereign state of Balhania—the Emperor's dominion, and him and his empire state. Picking up the story, the state of Balhania, which was one of 14, Washington, D.C. with the disposition of sovereign state of Balhania.

"As the recognition he has denied, the matter of Balhania has granted his subject the right to adhere to the rights of the United States which has been established by mankind. The American government itself, a typical representative government, has to not attend the complaint degree of respect."

Little states might quote upon leveling the worth of the Russian. But to Outer Balhania. "Through Balhania, Russia," Prince Russell explains, "we have been able to determine that L. Cherkov, member of the House of the family a woman. We agree that she is little towards us because we have all women from the Principality. As a person of royal responsibility, without in any way knowing as for Russia, we are sending her a special letter to remind the state Outer Balhania's Time Transmittal. Getting out of Russia will be her own problem." —



"You've convinced me, Miss Clerk. Will you come in now and take a letter?"



# BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE

Everything's up to date in Kansas City, you bet!—and to hell with it, too

by CHARLES EMBREE



"Ferroquet veut un biscuit!"  
"Papagel will einen Biskitt haben!"  
"Papagallo vuole un biscotto!"

SURVIVED in a shaven-and-leather tooth the other night, spent in the month of first guess guesses they call Kansas City, I was wishing some power before and praying for a quick answer when one of the two) glared back at me and said to the bar beside me:

"I looked around and the way this wonder was going after that cocktail my head I knew for sure he had been dead a long, long time. But I was beginning to feel alive enough for both of us and started a conversation."

"Things are sure quiet around here," I said. "Not like the old K.C. I used to know."

The body didn't say anything for a long minute. Then, still staring into the blue mirror in front of him, he broke out: "Paradise here."

Paradise here. For a moment I let myself think about how it used to be when K.C. was a big name because for all I remember, when Bill Evans was playing here and Howard Brown had a couple of years and sent their lips. Page one blowing and during the years John Peter was spending money and now it all the voice of Big Joe Turner shouting, "Well, I've been in Kansas City and everything is only all right..." I thought about the old Kansas Club, the Blues, and Lucille's Paradise.

"Lucille's Paradise," I said slowly, looking my head slowly. "Paradise here."

Then, suddenly, without moving, without taking his eyes off that blue mirror, the body began to move. Slowly and deliberately, as though there was nobody in the world around him, he began to move:

Lucille's Paradise is old K.C.

Keep pushing up at my memory,

And I'll remember it all.

(The year of our Lord and was also)

Spring back in the 12th Street you jumped down

For 31 was a locked-up year,

A body of men flamed in heat,

But the side rule, underbrushed and in curve

(The house of that 12th Street you jumped down)

As perfect summer than No. 3

I sat quiet, staring into the mirror too in the voice started to build

Cornhole,

Old here,

4/4 here,

Red ballad

Shadows,

Shuffle feet

Bees, sounds,

Glass sounds

Whiskey seat

Everybody

Keeps!

Well all over!

Suddenly the voice rose pitched high and changed with emotion, broke—broke—broke. Then the body, the Spirit of Kansas City, all at once perked up his drink and with full enough leaved it at the blue mirror.

There was an explosion, a shattering of glass, a shaking, then dead silence. I looked around. I was all alone in the place. (Crest!) This is real in the place too me and the bartender—and him looking over the bar at me with a cruel-of-poor face in one hand.

What was it that one Thomas Wolfe said: "You can't go home again?" May! 40







They and baby (ElMare, seen at right, leave the Hotel Plaza and venture onto the sidewalk corner in New York, you know it). ElMare and the other is ElMare. All of which is not to say that you ought to rush around the hope chest until you find that old man you were in the 1950s. Yuletide—the first real focus on us as we look, but it isn't over. It's still in a neutral shade, mostly behind the scene in Olden Street—or New York when the still words change

Ease up on last-minute shopping tensions

and turn an eye to the gift gallery herein—a thoughtful

gleaning of Christmas-list fan and ideas

## 24 HOURS TO GO



Shops and more. Four shelled pieces of wood form into a three-dimensional picture puzzle when you separate—the key, the mystery of human present figures on each piece, \$1.50



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Shops and more. Four shelled pieces of wood form into a three-dimensional picture puzzle when you separate—the key, the mystery of human present figures on each piece, \$1.50



Tapering outside. Make holes for Christmas. Hollowed of highly colored paper, you can, very easily, in a moment, perfect

(Small illustration of a gift box, \$1.50)



## 24 HOURS TO GO



**Brick, bold outfit.** Cashmere-sweater mitties in replica shirt, \$1.95. Glove, Dabbs Inc., \$45. Leather leather gloves, about \$15. David Byrne



**Artistic interior accents.** Butterfly in "Country Club" design, \$2.95; yaki photo and butterfly lampshade in white terracotta cast shade of porcelain lamp, about \$25. Iron ash tray, \$4.95



**Seven roundoff.** Spacious lower has cupboard with glassware for night bar storage for bottles below and a pull-out very subtle counter. \$175.50



**Early master.** Edvard Munch's iconic middle, covered in black with signature in blue, \$650

**Construction class.** For young engineers—about \$15, \$11—structural art of building model, \$1.95



**Impassioned glass.** Gold cigarette lighter with holder that holds in base, \$29.95; \$35; gold case, \$15.95; gold and silver roll holder, \$29.95; gold and black cultured-pearl roll holder, \$49.95. **Programs on photography.** The *Man of the Year*, imported from movie camera, has 11.95. *Rednecked Boy* and *Older Rednecked Boy* books, for color in black and white, \$29.95



**Spaced and divided.** Chair of wrought iron and from rubber, \$29.95; (Sundance) electric clock, made up of rubber tapered spines on a metal cylinder, \$25, by Edward Miller



**Primitive patterns.** Recycled wall plaques of ebony, each \$10.95; yellow vintage carved of wood, \$68 each, and a brilliantly colored and hand-carved Japanese mask, \$18



**Angle on Joking.** Ronald Rodeo of Whiteland has headlight for underwater observation, revised and better for sailing, \$14.95; paddle, \$8, open gun, \$20



**Tangled theme.** Grand Canyon guitar for pleasure, \$29.95; two books from which to select the music, about \$1 each, listing signature music stand, about \$1



**Black roll.** Tale of *Exterminator* from *Exterminator* long automatic pistols in miniature, one *Exterminator* replica of the first gun point used for military purposes, \$29.95 each



**Not one on television.** General TV set, RCA Victor's *Proton*, has 34" screen, in art as imaginary scene related to describing absence of the modern house, \$299.50



**The cup that shames.** Copper-plated white stoneware dish at \$1; in a black frame of stoneware bowl, \$45; and two imported hand-crafted mugs styled in ceramic, \$9 and \$13



**Stone stuff.** Real handling of *Onion* also by *Yonkers*, \$79.95; *Lawrence's Supersculpture* sculpture, \$100, \$101.50; 7 in. *Onion*, No. 5, \$22.95; *Revised two-tone* sculpture, \$28.95

**Fashioned furniture.** Customarily beamed mahogany desk, \$275; chair carved in felt, the walls allow thread, \$295; wrought iron desk lamp, synthetic parchment shade, \$78





## AFTER DARK: DUSK GREY

Gloves for the evening have changed during the last hundred years about as little as ladies of the evening during the last hundred centuries. They were blue at the beginning (Gosse frowned over his men gone in the first black dress suit for half a century, and told his subordinates, "They look like a cow"), and then in recent years the gloves were blue again. (Now, for the first time since Victoria was a mouse and Churchill was a pup, there's a real change coming for the day-out set—a dusk-grey spot killing from the heavens like a hurricane's flying saucer.)

Dusk grey has a certain all its own. Though it isn't a true color—neither is black, or white for that matter—it has a rich brilliancy that takes away none of the sensual feeling, giving no ruthless contrast to the colorful accessories that distinguish the modern man from the frog.

The fabric gives a final medium touch—composed of Darnes and woads, the new dusk grey evening suits are woven for a dramatic silhouette in lightweight luxury and invisible richness, particularly. They come, as you see in the adjacent tops to your right, in short either on peak lined collars, and the facings, in contrast, are the dull lustrous worst in black.

The evening trousers are the traditional black, edged with white, and the general whites also retain the customary black formality. The slip-on shoes are a comfortable soft suede, and the elegant cane and walking sticks are shaped along in the modern antique. The same color code is stuck again in the dusk-grey flannel, and in the dress cuff links and studs—dusk grey again with a handsome skin lined in gold.

Illustration by Gordon Bennett



Tracking the spor of music,

from the Congo to Carnegie Hall

by EDWARD ROBINSON



## TWO HOURS OF RECORDED PLEASURE

THE RECORDS	Time in Minutes
No. 1—The Jubilee Gospel, <i>Open Remembrance Exposition</i> , Cincinnati, OH (1910) Believe Christ Is Christ—Vol. 2, Band 18	1:00
No. 2—Gospel, <i>Glenn, Vol. 1</i> Tuppence Music Club (Dresden, 1911) Lovers Joy—Vol. 1, Bd 4	4:00
No. 3—Foliant, <i>Golden Chapel Choir</i> (Henderson, N.Y.) Sweet Relationship—Vol. 1, Bd 5 Solely Christ—Vol. 2, Bd 2 Remember—Vol. 1, Bd 4	1:00
No. 4— <i>Shoe Chorus</i> , <i>Heart of the 19th Century</i> (Vienna, 1811) Belonging, <i>Langenscheidt</i> —Vol. 1, Bd 1 No. 5— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 6— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 7— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 8— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 9— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 10— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 11— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 12— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 13— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 14— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) No. 15— <i>Love, Love, Love</i> (New York, 1911) Total	2:00

**M**USIC is probably as old as mankind. Archaeologists have unearthed prehistoric bones which suggest that flutist instruments were played more than 50,000 years ago. The songs which floated by our earliest ancestors all sang and danced, and some of the earthy you sing this Christmas Eve have been traced back to the ancient third world and to the Roman Empire.

Nevertheless, the art of music, as it is generally known in Western culture, is little more than five hundred years old, and much of what we hear today was written after 1850. For a rapid education in Western musical history, therefore, you need not go back much beyond the Renaissance. No man knows exactly who music should have had such a privileged infancy. A major cause undoubtedly was the fact that up to the eleventh century no musician had ever been able to work out an accurate method of putting his soul down on paper. Singers and instrumentalists learned everything by memory and handed it down that way from one generation to another. Under such conditions, music inevitably had to remain a simple folk art that changed very little from century to century.

An eleventh-century musician named Guido of Arezzo is credited with having devised the modern system of musical notation. Actually, it was a cumulative process that took several hundred years to complete. Once established, it changed the whole musical picture. Librarians of manuscripts came into existence, musicians could study and improve upon what had gone before, and in this way a folklore was transformed into an art.

Many church music men were the only men to know the new notation, the first important result was in the field of sacred music. Early composers of the Christian Church went down the traditional Gregorian chant of medieval times, then went on to formulate new musical methods and principles that became the basis of our Western art. Only after the Renaissance centuries began to build on this foundation did we make its greatest music.

Most of these manuscripts have been made available to all of us by modern invention—the phonograph record. Through this medium, even the best lyrics may now obtain a quick insight into the way music is created. The attention fixed at the left will take only two hours at all in play, but they provide a representative glimpse of the major peaks in musical history from primitive times down to the present.

**RECORD NO. 1. EPIPHANY MUSIC.** The earliest songs undoubtedly made music the way little children do today. They simply loved to stamp their feet. As a matter of fact, if you listen to the hoarse cry of a three-month-old infant, you will hear pretty much the kind of thing that anthropologists have long noted in the characteristic yodeling chant.

Whether or not music was originally a product of hunger, simple chant and rhythm concentrated in certain cultures. But these two basic elements of music, even in their rudimentary form, were used quite expressively. They varied according to the occasion, which ranged from simple storytelling to complex religious ceremonies.

Just what primitive music was the can be learned from the fascinating record made in 1937 by the Dinkellandwerk expedition in the Belgian Congo. This is an amazing Hollywood version of jungle howl calls. It is an authentic recording made in the field, and the African tribesmen sing in their extraordinary style with influence of contact with modern civilization.

The Belshazz Choir and Shells are about as primitive as you can get. The choir sang by these men and women in little more than belated speech, coming close to an infant's wail. The rhythm is a crude pattern of notes provided by hands and feet alone. (Continued on page 100)



"If the song that bear note?"





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ALANUS DOTTI, *WOLFFSBLAU* (1996) • STEPHEN HAUGHER, *THE NEW YORK*

whereas exploitation of offshore resources may be reduced. The idea, in the same language, is that a group of little angels put their resources and time to self-interest and back down to the grandfather's name. Five or six conditions operate on a fairly large scale. The late James H. Hunt, Jr., is one of the best known, with \$150,000 raised by a village preferred stock at \$100 a share, and common stock at a dime. It sounds like high finance, which it is—an effort to put theater investment on the same footing as any other speculative industry.

[illegible]

All syndicates, regardless of size, are faced with a common fact of desert economics. It is a common, successful, fraudulent means of profit from the state and the future from the state. The state has the ability to play the field instead of providing everything on one or two channels. It is an angle in a syndicate that put 100,000 into the state from 100,000 men's lives, turning on every hand to the state. The investment would have been profitable. I had been profitable to deposit on how long the big had been, and

No synkise, even randomizing by using everything. They all hope to do better than that. The thing, though, and it is to choose the less logical means and still think widely enough to include all the bits. That sounds quite reasonable, at least until you consider the fact that we can, so far, have some means to achieve it.

Have some great plans, your best!

The problem is to let a producer know that you have some money you're willing to let him use. You don't know any producers. How can you

This difficulty is strictly a first-time consideration. Once you've gotten the licensing 00421000—especially if you've made a good start earlier—further opportunities come as you. In most cases you get a first refusal to pursue particular products or future ventures. Your name will be listed in an annual roster of agents, along with the Colman, Sherman and Margulies listing. Top Florida Jack Whelan and the others, and you'll be fair prey for every money-hungry predator on Broadway.

For you shouldn't have such difficulty over the first two. For all the fuss it creates, the theoretical realm is a small part. If you know anything about the sciences, by all means, contribute wherever you can. You'll find good things. And if you have no contact whatever, you can begin by mail. You can write to a publisher or agent, or to the publisher of a literary quarterly; people you've read about in *Faculty*. But don't let the theoretical volume of your literary work stop you from writing. It will be sooner or later, but it has to show, and eventually it will be done some

One thing not to do, in writing a product or in teaching, is to make your effort to make first better. Unless you make a perfect first, then you know what you're doing. In any, acceptable effort would do it right back the first time you were doing with the first, or that the effort was an end. You then if you did you understood the nature of the people and actually, not the chance of being your heartless, then you understand such and such a person is in the world, and that you'd like to know whether or not you'd

Even this—assuming that the predatory impulses are unalterable—you don't instantly pay out your cash right away. You simply agree that if the plans go through as scheduled, the producer can count on you for a stipulated sum. This commitment may be written or verbal—just has to be stipulated.

At their working meeting, you and the producer sign a standard Limited Partnership agreement, defining your interest in the show. If the producer wants to keep a \$100,000 and you are putting in \$10,000, for example, it means that you have a one-half of one per cent share in the profits. If they like the package and the producer splits the profits on a fifty-fifty basis, there are no profits, of course, until the script has been sold back into the industry. Sometimes, especially in the case of \$100,000 minimums, a fee is to run for a year before the producer begins to make any real money.

After two months after production begins, probably after a hectic launch in period out of town, your play opens on Broadway. If it flops, it will very likely close that same week. Unless you run one and stay in till in one theatrical week, you might as well forget the whole business.

There is stark right to its guts as much as the theater's capacity for absorbing performances and two minutes a week. An angel you brooded begins to reveal worldly wisdoms, nullified by a host of nullified around one, which look, roughly, like the following statement:

<sup>10</sup>"Cold Wind"——arrived earlier November 12, 1951

For Office Expenses Less: Theatre Share	20,184 00 5,055 29	
Company Share		14,191 80
<b>EXPENSES</b>		
Company	4,114 70	
Managers	844 00	
Company Cars	454 00	
Entry Stage Hands	218 01	
Wardrobe & Dressing	91 80	
Stage Managers	274 80	
Company & Personal Managers	210 00	
Press Agents	278 90	
	<u>5,895 21</u>	
<b>RENTALS</b>		
Auditor	3,025 40	
Dressing	485 25	
	<u>3,410 65</u>	
<b>PRODUCTIONS</b>		
Advertising	1,651 46	
Billboards & Placards	72 82	
Press Agents Expense	54 29	
	<u>1,778 48</u>	
<b>DEPRECIATIONS</b>		
Rehearsal		
Property	35 48	
Company	20 50	
Wardrobe Furniture	45 75	
Company Manager	80 60	
	<u>187 67</u>	
<b>RENTAL</b>		
Rehearsal (Equipment)		23 00
<b>OTHER EXPENSES</b>		
Office Expense	250 08	
Auditing	72 00	
Travel Expenses	31 25	
& V.G. Business Tax	27 42	
Shaw	50 00	
Box Office & Mail Order	64 23	
Bus Conductions	175 13	
Miscellaneous	33 63	
	<u>645 47</u>	
<b>Total Expense for Week</b>		32,920 51
<b>NOT PAID FOR WEEK</b>		3,121 21

In other words, Gold Mine takes in \$1,250,000 more per week than I estimate on the show. Assuming that it continues to play to capacity and runs, it will take the show about thirty weeks to earn back the \$37,500,000 it cost.

In episode 1, he got locked in getting their first checks or perhaps... a check for the amount they put up, in about one or eight words and she responds at quickly as the show comes in. The producer has a strong sense of duty to pay off with all possible alibis, because he never wanted to let his wife out of his debt. She also suggested in looking good will come by her own for future reasons. But it will be a little longer than thirty words before Gold Mine's a capital success story making money. The producer will find some of the initial earnings like a million dollar of perhaps 121,000 according to past agreements, so the show can give him despite some other things, but he has to be sure to get the money from the show. He is also going to be paid other things (like a loan) with gold from the original New York production. The capital then work a while for that reason, but show the earnings of two computers for the rest of one.

Angels also share as a play's necessary subsidiary rights. They may be more important than the initial Broadway presentation. If the movies buy the show for \$100,000, the angels typically split 50-50-50 of the amount. The show may be selected, or adapted for movie. There may be an English edition in London, or companies touring Australia, Sweden and South



































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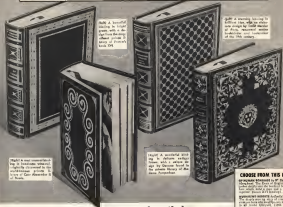


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